

**Bigfoot Wins Kissing Contest**

# The National Inquisitor

MARCH 29, 1997

\$12.50

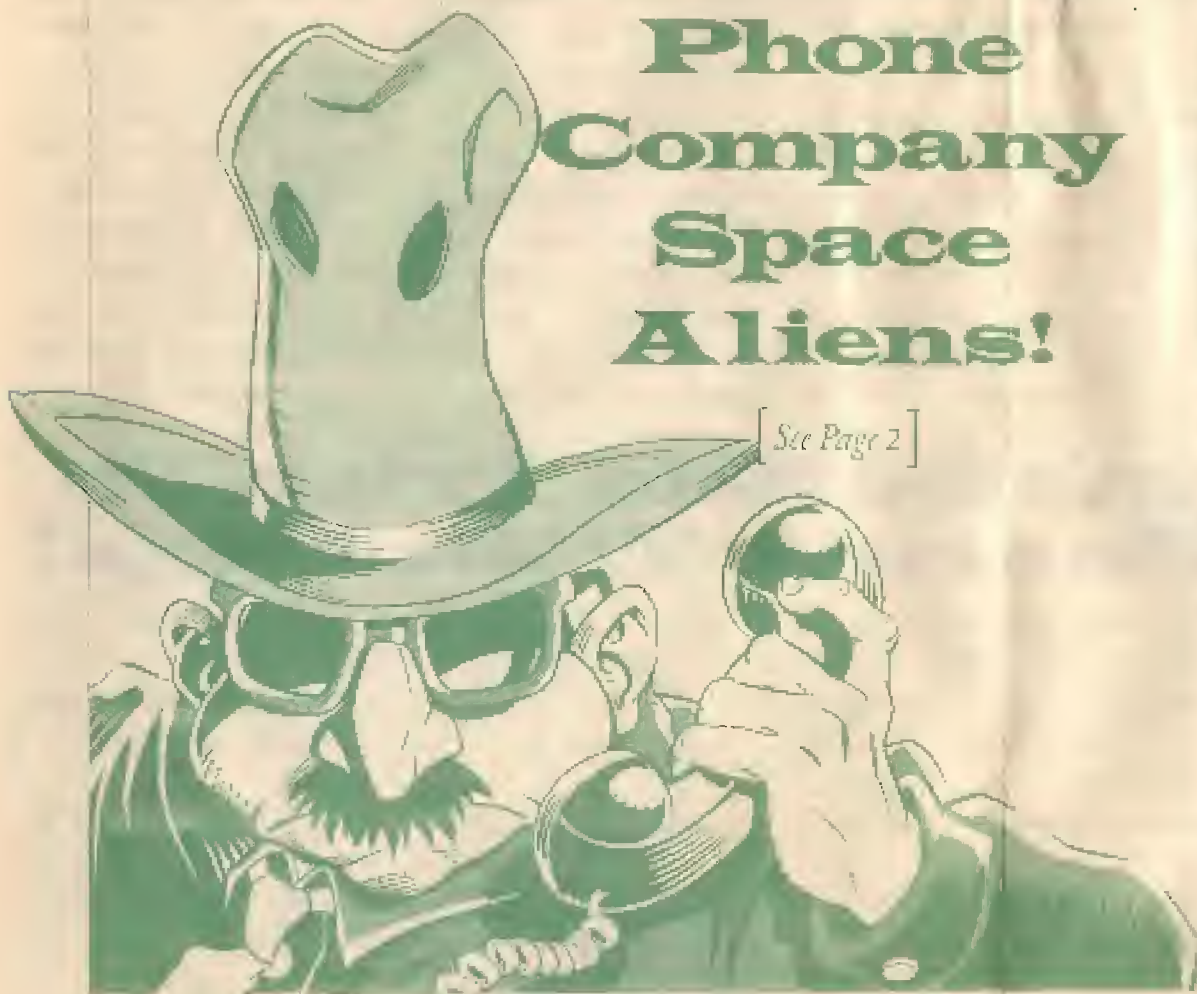


## HOLY MEN SEEK GOD ON THE GOLF COURSE!

*Brain-Boggling  
Beings Crossing  
Everyone's Wires*

**Stupidity  
Epidemic  
Linked To  
Phone  
Company  
Space  
Aliens!**

[ See Page 2 ]



**Furry Freak In Forest Frenzy**

**Two-Headed Squirrel  
Attacks Two  
Campers  
At Once!**



**ALIEN  
AMUSEMENT  
PARK FOUND  
ON MARS!**



[ See Page 4 ]

**SCRAMBLED**

**SON TRIES**

**TO KILL**

**PARENTS**

**WITH EGGS!**

[ See Page 2 ]



You've cried  
to the best, now cry  
to the rest...

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Double-Clutching My Heart)*

♪ *'Star's Cruisin' And The Bougie'*

♪ *Don't Do It To Me  
What You Did To Me*

♪ *Feel Like A Wooden Muffin*

♪ *Why Did You Do It To Me  
When It Was Only First Down?*

♪ *She Left With The Madonna  
And Carried My Heart*

♪ *Hello Again, Mr. Daniel,  
Mr. Bean, Mr. Dick!*

♪ *My Heart Loves You,  
But My Liver Doesn't*

♪ *I'm Bawling My Hank  
And Throwing Him Back*

♪ *First She Made Love,  
Then She Made Tracks*

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The National Inquisitor

Brain-boggling beings  
crossing everyone's wires

# WORLDWIDE STUPIDITY EPIDEMIC LINKED TO SPACE ALIENS IN PHONE COMPANY.



PHONE COMPANY PRY? Some scientists think that phone workers  
like this are really space aliens!

**T**HE PHONE COMPANY IS  
reaching out and touch-  
ing people everywhere  
—and leaving them with the  
I.Q. of a turnip!

A mysterious force emanating  
from phone lines apparently has the  
power to turn even rocket scientists

into mush-for-brains morons!

Representatives from the phone  
company refused to discuss this  
large-scale lobotomy, but intrepid  
reporter has it that they are actually  
space aliens who have taken control  
of this irrefutable institution.

"I'm positive that they're from

outer space," said Dr. Raoul Equinox,  
a noted Peruvian alienologist. "Pick-  
ing the phone company for their  
takeover was definitely 'the right  
choice for them!'"

According to Dr. Equinox, this  
extraterrestrial extraterrestrial activ-  
ity began back in 1947, around the  
time of the first UFO sighting. Once  
they completed their takeover, they  
began sending a 60-cycle humming  
sound over the phone lines.

"This synapse-sizzling signal has  
the power to turn the population into  
driveling dorks. Anyone who is near  
a phone or phone line is sure to be  
affected by it."

Dr. Equinox points to the events  
of the last 50 years to back him up.  
"Hasn't the world become a stupider  
place to live in? Look at what's taken  
place since 1947. There was  
McCarthyism in the '50's, the  
cancellation of *Star Trek*, and the

### GRAPHIC STUPIDITY

Intelligence Quotient

STUPID

SLOW

DELL

SHARP

1947 57 67 77 87 97

Dr. Equinox's graph proves that the world  
population has been in a steadily stupider  
state since 1947.

popularity of bell bottoms in the  
'60's, Watergate, pet rocks, and  
washable leisure suits in the '70's,  
nuclear destruction, 'Baby On  
Board' stickers, and the popularity of  
satellite in the '80's, time-share  
condos in Antarctica, android dating  
services, and the nose-glasses boom  
in the '90's... the list goes on.

"We've got to hang up on these  
long-distance operators—before they  
completely disconnect us!"

## Scrambled Son Tries To Kill Parents With Eggs!

**A** 14-year-old boy tried to  
murder his parents — by  
leaving three dozen eggs in their  
microwave oven!

Police said that Kenny Klingster  
hatched the plot after an argument  
with his mom and dad about why he  
couldn't have Twinkies for breakfast.  
The teenage terminator waited until  
they were in the kitchen before  
putting the nearly-fatal feast in the

microwave and turning it on.

"It was no accident — Kenny knew  
that eggs explode in microwave  
ovens," said Sergeant Max Moniker.  
"If his scheme had worked, his  
parents would have been shells of  
their former selves."

Luckily, the Klingsters left the  
kitchen to answer the doorbell — only  
seconds before the deadly breakfast  
exploded. The erupting eggs made



EGG-SPLOSION? That's what hap-  
pened when 36 eggs were placed  
in a microwave by the Klingster's  
sneaking child! Police say if they  
hadn't left their kitchen, the yolk  
would have been so them!

more noise than a PLO birthday  
party.

"We thought terrorists had invaded  
our kitchen," said a shaken Mrs.  
Klingster.

As it turned out, there were no  
terrorists — just a 14-year-old rotten  
egg, hiding in his bedroom, where  
police arrested him.





# Dollars And Cents... It's all in the Cards!

**E**xperts agree that it's only a matter of time before currency and coins will become extinct!

That's because the popularity of CashCards™ has forced dollars and cents to go the way of the blue whale, the ozone layer and the \$5.00 candy bar.

Here are just a few examples of the bang of this brand-new buck:

- The U.S. Mint has completely stopped printing money. "Their main office is down to one employee," said a source. "And she's doing her nails a lot these days."

- Yubaphobia, or fear of getting no money, has spread throughout the world. "Victims think that money is a gross national product," said Dr. Max Skylock, an expert on the subject.

- One-pocket clothing has suddenly become the fashion rage. "Since nobody's carrying money these days, you don't need four pockets," said fashion expert Mel N. Collin. "A CashCard™ is a lot smaller than a big wad of money and you can always find out what your up-to-date balance is by looking at it. Besides, 'currency bulge' is not only unsightly, it's unfashionable."

- Purbandlers are no longer asking for "spare change," but for "spare change"—on a CashCard™.

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Go ahead...eat those ten hot-fudge sundaes! Go ahead...throw that exercise plan out the window! Go ahead...become the slim, sexy, shapely person you really are! It's no sweat with the incredible ZIP-OPEN TUMMY DIET. It's the program that makes fighting fat a whole lot of fun—because you can EAT POUNDS OF GOODIES, AND STILL LOSE POUNDS OF FLAB!

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Change did him good.

## Man Uses Coin to Escape From Car Wreck.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION of how wretched Walt met his wheezy.

**A**FTER THREE DAYS trapped inside his overturned Toyota, Walt Wheelie managed to dis-manicle the car and free himself—by using a dime as a screwdriver!

"Guess my life is at least worth a dime," grumbled the wheezing Wheelie, as he recalled the ordeal, which also saw him lick a rat's wet fur to survive!

The rambling wrecker's plight began when his Toyota skidded off a wet road near Winnemucca, Nevada, and landed upside-down in a ravine.

Pinned in the wreckage, unable to move anything but his left arm, Wheelie searched his pockets—and found the lucky dime.

"I went to work on the car right away," said the jolly junker. "Lucky for me I had a few loose screws to start with."

Wheelie used the dime to unscrew the dashboard, steering wheel, passenger seat and door panel. He quenched his thirst by licking the fur of a wet rat, who was making a nest out of the upholstery.

After three days, the monetary mechanic finally removed the passenger door, climbed out of the wreckage, then walked three miles to a truck stop.

Thinking that his lucky dime couldn't miss, Wheelie tried it in a 10¢ slot machine.

"Two lemons and a watermelon," sighed Wheelie. "Guess that dime only had so much luck in it."





# Alien Amusement Park Found On Mars!

**A RUSSIAN SPACE PROBE** has sent back actual re-touched photographs of an ancient intergalactic Coney Island—on the surface of the planet Mars!



A FACE ON THE FACE OF MARS? Martian moonlith smiles for the camera of Viking 1 space probe in 1977.



OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD amusement parks looked like this, experts say.

The new photographs were taken in the same location where twenty years earlier an American Viking 1 orbiter took photos of a giant Martian face.

But these new photos not only show the face in greater detail, they also show what appears to be a group of pyramids, with a railroad connect-

ing them to the face!

"This could only be an amusement park," said West German scientist Dr. Rudolf Retrograde. "The face is probably the entrance to some sort of Fun House!"

"This proves that even space aliens like to have good, clean fun. It was probably the second most popular

attraction in the solar system, right after the sunbath on Venus."

The Red probe to the red planet also revealed gaspées in the Martian canals, a fact that could lead to the discovery of a quaint village for retired aliens. "Mars could prove to be the original Leisure World," noted Dr. Retrograde.

How did the aliens amuse themselves with pyramids? "They probably used them as launching platforms to go hang-gliding in those hundred mile-an-hour Martian winds," said Dr. Retrograde.

"Also, they could have used them for games of 'Leap Frog' with Mars' light gravitational pull.

"Well, maybe not Leap Frog. I Leap Something," he added.

Unfortunately for science, the security-conscious Communies refused to release any of the photos.

"Without them, we won't be able to prove conclusively that the aliens sold cotton candy and balloons," said the anguished astronomer.

## "I Can Help You Win the Lottery!"

Hello, I am Don't Lose Losenager. You may not know me in this country, but I am known around the rest of the world as the man WHO HAS MADE PEOPLE RICH BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS.

Why don't you dream your wild dream right now. What would you do with MILLIONS OF DOLLARS? Buy a house? A car? A motor boat? A baseball team? A life-size supply of beer and pointy chips? Or fishing for the rest of your life? Or just jump it all into a bathtub and roll around in it?

Good dream, wasn't it? But once you know my SECRET TO WINNING THE LOTTERY, it won't be a dream anymore!

Let me tell you what my life was like before I found THE SECRET. I was so poor, I had to live in a MILK CARTON. I was so poor, I had to eat DIRT FOR DINNER. I was so poor, the only job I could get paid was PENNY A YEAR.

But then, THE SECRET came into my life. I then proceeded to win 50 LOTTERIES IN 30 COUNTRIES, and you know everything changed! Now, I am one of such MEGA-SUBSTANTIAL WEALTH, it's hard to measure! I am so rich that, instead of water, my waterbed is filled with 500 YEARS-OLD SCOTCH! I am so rich that I live in a house that I built—with bricks of PURE GOLD! I am so rich that I have my own baseball diamond that I built out of REAL DIAMONDS!

The point I'm trying to make is that all this can be yours, too. RICHES... WEALTH... BOUGH... MEGA-M... WHOLELY... SIMULACRUM... BUCK-DARE... they result in your new MEGA-WEALTH! You know THE SECRET!

Why am I passing THE SECRET along to the world? Because the old HOLEBRAIN SWAMP who gave it to me said I had to, that's why. I'd rather keep it to myself, and make EVEN MORE MONEY, but he made my promise not to do that.

So instead, I'm offering YOU this big chance to WIN THE LOTTERY! WIN BIG! WIN IT ALL! Why wait for tomorrow, when you can have everything you ever got your greedy little paws on today? Just send me \$25.00, and the secret is yours! It's a small price to pay, a lifetime of happiness, and you've got to make a little money to WIN BIG MONEY!

Why? Because the name of THE SECRET says you should never get something for nothing. So I had to charge something. Okay? Don't that? So go get that checkbook, break that piggy bank, look under that mattress, and send me \$25.00. Or better yet, send me your paycheck, and I promise I'll only debit it \$25.00. Then, when you look at THE SECRET, you can sit back and wait for all the MEGA-SUBSTANTIAL WEALTH to rush into your life like a tidal wave. Of course, you don't just have to sit back while your money comes, you can also watch TV across the paper! You like, had believe me, YOU WILL SOON BE MEGA-SUBSTANTIAL! And all this comes with my personal guarantee. IF YOU'RE NOT A RICHES PERSON IN 30 DAYS, I'll give you your MONEY BACK!

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Use airticket only.  
\*Money \$25.00 postage and handling.

A stroke of luck!

## Lightning Bolt Fixes Man's Glasses!

**L**ucky Lemmy Landache was struck by a lightning bolt—and not only survived, but found that his broken glasses were good as new!

"I couldn't believe my eyes," laughed Lemmy, of Melba-Upon-Tourt, England. "I guess that's a sign for me not to 'bolt' my food!"

Before his electric encounter, the witty Brit was so poverty-stricken that he couldn't afford to have his cracked head ornament replaced.



BOLT-BLASTED BRIT shows where lightning repaired his glasses.

But a walk in a thunderstorm changed his outlook in a flash. A lightning bolt hit Lemmy—right on his metal-rimmed magnifiers, knocking him out.

When he came to, he found that he was unharmed, and that the formerly-fractured lenses had fused!

"There wasn't so much as even the faintest crack," said Lemmy, who couldn't help but crack a smile.





## Bigfoot Wins Kissing Contest

**D**ozens of contestants had their hopes of fame and fortune dashed as Bigfoot outlasted them to set a new world record for non-stop kissing.

The rocking wonderland took the \$25,000 prize with an 18 hour 22 minute liplock. His lucky partner, Ursula Muldoon, a wildlife service inspector, said Bigfoot got the idea from a newspaper discarded by a camper.

"He's gentle for such a big guy, but he kisses real different," said Muldoon, who will spend her half of the prize on nondestructive dentistry "sort of like a tooth, not coconut."

After his hair-raising victory dance, the puckering primate found the strength to kiss all the judges and most of the journalists. For a finale, the voracious Saugateas jumped straight up to the ceiling and hung by his lips for a full five minutes.

# Tic-Tac-Toe Turns To TERRIFYING TREASURE TRY!

**T**WO ARCHAEOLOGISTS in Egypt accidentally opened a secret passageway—by playing tic-tac-toe on a wall!

But just as the delighted diggers were making their way to a tomb full of treasure, a horrifying creature hurled them out!

A Chinese news agency reported that the two Egyptologists had been digging at a remote site near Humberi, Egypt.

"We'd had a hard day at the dig," said the leader, Dr. Leopold Wischbrum. "We were taking a break and playing tic-tac-toe on a wall with a piece of chalk. Suddenly, the wall opened, revealing this giant tunnel."

"The Egyptians worshiped the cat, and our 'cat's game' triggered some sort of mechanical. Good thing it didn't call for Kitty Litter!"

The surprised shovelers grabbed



**GRIMLY GRINNY CREATURE** tossed two archaeologists out of the tomb like they were a couple of wet noodles!

a torch and made their way through the unknown opening. But just as they reached what appeared to be a treasure-filled room, they heard a blood-curdling scream.

"It sounded like some sort of creature in the room was either eating us, or eating at us!" said Wischbrum.

Suddenly, without warning, the creature grabbed the would-be wealth wallowers and threw them out of the chamber!

The astounded archaeologists stood unhurt a few yards outside the opening. But when they went back to the perilous passageway, they found that the opening had closed.

"We tried playing more games of tic-tac-toe, but it was no use," said the weepful Wischbrum. "The treasure inside had apparently changed the triggering mechanism. So now, we're trying a different approach."

"We're playing Hangman instead!"

*Draining disease takes many strange new forms*

## Jet Lag is Even More of a Drag!

**S**CIENTISTS MAY HAVE cured the common cold, but no cure is in sight for an even more common ailment: good ol' jet lag.

In fact, as travel researchers study this drudge malady, even more brain-and-body-boggling symptoms have appeared!

Here's a partial rundown of the new symptoms that jumbo jet-jumpers should be aware of:

• Everyone on planes will tend to look alike. "To jet-lagged jellyheads,

it appears that the same people are flying with them everywhere, but that is really not the case," says guess researcher Dr. Hans Kettmann. "This symptom may be related to the fact that all airlines have merged into Air Airlines. As a result, all the air-planes and airports look alike, and hence, the passengers start looking alike, too."

• Victims will tend to leave items behind on planes. "Cleanup crews are having a field day," said an anonymous airline employee. "They're

finding so many wallets, purses, sunglasses, lighters, and tickets, it's like the shopping spree on *Wendy's Fortune*."

• Stewardesses will appear to be foul tempered. "They suffer from jet lag just as much as the passengers," says ex-stewardess Delta Eastern.

"Some passengers seem to think it's funny to make a big mess for the poor stewardess to clean up. No wonder so many coffee refills 'accidentally' end up in the passengers' laps!"

Money...

Power...

Luck...



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Many years ago, ancient astronauts left a handful of special Power Crystals on the Planet Earth, before journeying back to their home in the Pleiades. These crystals were only to be used by the special, fortunate, deserving Chosen Ones, to:

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Mechanic to the "stars" confesses...

# "I TURNED A MICROBUS INTO A SPACE SHUTTLE!"

**VOLKSWAGEN MECHANIC claims that he built an interplanetary space ship—with the help of two Yale co-eds!**

"These two gals putt-putted into my shop with this VW van," said Otto Lugench, who was lubing a car at the time. "I asked them if they wanted their valves adjusted, but they said no, they wanted me to convert

their van into a space ship.

"I laughed so hard, I squirted myself in the face with my grease gun!"

The giggling greasemonkey's laughter quickly faded when one of the cosmic co-eds pulled out a set of instructions. "She said that the plans were given to them by aliens in a dream.

"Now, I've seen some foreign car

manuals before, but this was the foreignest thing I've ever seen!"

After studying the instructions, Otto found that he had everything he needed in his shop, and quickly went to work. "Lucky for me, the gum machine was full, 'cause the instructions called for large amounts of it."

The sort-jawed service stationer roiled 'round the clock on the van,

assisted by the comely collegiate cuties, who somehow found time to make two space suits. "It took us about a week of ratchet-thrashing labor to finish everything," said the amny Otto.

"All in all, it was quite a wrenching experience."

Finally, they decided to take the van

for a test drive. "We started it up, thinking we were going around the block. Next thing I knew, we were going around the moon!"

The galactic gals landed the vibrating van back on Earth, thanked Otto, and took off. "Sometimes I wish I'd gone with them," he sighed.

"I'll bet their mileage is out-of-this-world!"



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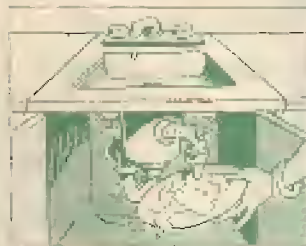
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To order send \$19.95 to:

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WHAT'S THE SECRET WORD? *hah*. Or maybe even death. That could be the punishment for the students who changed history with giant Groucho glasses. No word on whether they planned to disguise the three pyramids as Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo.

But did they bet their lives?

## Egyptian Pranksters Turn Sphinx Into Groucho!

**A** couple of crazy college kids pulled the prank of the century by placing a huge pair of nose-glasses—right on the mug of the Sphinx!

Tourists and villagers alike were dumbfounded, as the original Groucho of Giza was transformed overnight into the spittin' image of the joke-coaching Marx Brother!

But now, the not-so-merry pranksters face a lengthy jail term or even a death sentence, because the Egyptian government frowns on vandalism to national treasures like the Sphinx.

"We re-faced the Sphinx—we didn't de-face it," said one of the Sphinx-ers, Mahmoud Makimuk, who was caught as he fled the scene

of the crime.

"Both of us had summer jobs as telephone linemen. We got this bright idea that it would be good for cultural relations to put nose glasses on the Sphinx. Then, we were going to invite the Egyptians to put a turban on the Statue of Liberty!"

"Guess it turned out to be a pretty dumb idea after all!"





Golfing guru and  
slicing shaman

## HOLY MEN SEEK GOD ON THE GOLF COURSE!

**A NEPALESE GURU AND  
an African witch doctor  
claim to experience a  
higher form of conscious-  
ness—by playing 18 holes  
of golf.**

The devout duffers meet regularly at golf courses around the world, amazing onlookers with their mystical feats—and their incredibly low scores.

"They don't even need a golf cart—they just float around the course," giggled head-oft caddy Lance Lugolot.

But I gotta hand it to these holy rollers—they always shoot in the high teens and low twenties.

"I've even seen them get two holes in one—on the same ball!"

The pious putters claim that golfing is actually a high form of meditation, and that they use psychokinetic ability to direct the flight of the golf ball.

"The secret is in my book, *How To Raise Your Consciousness And Lower Your Golf Score*," commented club-toting chanter Swami Holanwanda.

The shaman, Noma Slicinmon, says that their radical golf techniques are actually nothing new. "These methods, and many others, were taught to my tribe by the Ancient Ones over 50 millennia ago," said the wood-wielding witch doctor.

What's next for these eager sages? "Like all beings, the two of us are seeking perfection," said the swinging swami.

"The day we each shoot a score of one, we believe we will come face-to-face with The Divine Duffer himself!"

Furry Freak In Forest Frenzy

## Two-Headed Squirrel Attacks Two Campers at Once!



**TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE!** Not quite, say frightened folks, who fought off this furry freak.

**A COUPLE CAMPING ON  
Mt. Rainier got a double  
dose of excitement  
when they were mugged  
by a vicious two-headed  
squirrel!**

The twin-noggined nutcracker

ripped Hector and Sheila Needlebaum's tent wide open, then cornered the terrified women while it tried to decide who to attack.

It couldn't make up its mind," said Sheila. "One head would lunge for me while at the same time the

other would lunge for Hector.

"I thought it was going to split itself in half."

The rowdy rodent finally decided to leap on both Hector and Sheila at the same time. When it landed between the unhappy campers, they dashed out the tent door and jumped into their car.

But just when they thought they were safe, the multi-headed mammal rapped through their convertible top. As Sheila looked out in horror, the bushy-tailed bully hit Hector's hip with one head, and his ear lobe with the other!

Sheila grabbed the Siamese squirrel by the tail and threw it out the window. Then she rushed poor Hector to the hospital.

"After all, I didn't want him to come down with a double dose of rabies," she said.



## Gondoliers Sing For Rescuing Dolphins!

**V**isitors to Venice swoon under the spell of ringing gondoliers—unaware that their majestic melodies are actually meant for the ears of dolphins!

That's because many of the boisterous boatmen who have fallen out of their boats have been rescued by these magnificent mammals.

"Tonight think we're singing for them because they're got money," said gondolier Alberto Albacore. "But the truth is, we're really signaling the dolphins when our gondoliers are in case we lose our balance and



**ANYBODY OF THE DEPT** Gondoliers say they sing for these friendly flippers—and not for tourists!

fall out."

Alberto himself was once rescued by the playful porpoises, who nudged the gurgling gondolier to safety after he tumbled out of his leaky boat.

"The singing gondolier is a nice romantic image," said the vocal

Volcanian. "But we're only doing it because it's a lot better than becoming fish food."

"In fact, half the gondoliers these days can't even carry a tune, but they sing away anyway."



Parachutists!  
Are you...



Tired of the same  
old lines?

Tired of being  
'on the ropes'?

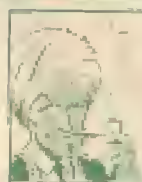
Tired of feeling  
like a fish in a net?

Tired of  
'chelling  
yourself'?

If you answered 'YES' to any of these questions, then you need the incredible **JUMPTY DUMPTY Parachute System!** It's the parachute that actually disintegrates just before you touch good ol' Mother Earth! Say goodbye to untangling and packing your parachute and lines after a jump. Or getting stuck in trees, church steeples, and power lines. Or having a parachute drape on top of you (otherwise known as "chelling yourself" or the unsightly 'Nomad Look'). Instead, **JUMPTY DUMPTY'S** sonar device detects when you are about to land. Then, parachute, pack, and lines all dissolve instantly—no muss, no fuss, and no fuss. With **JUMPTY DUMPTY**, you can hit the road when your feet hit the ground!

Send \$12,999 to:  
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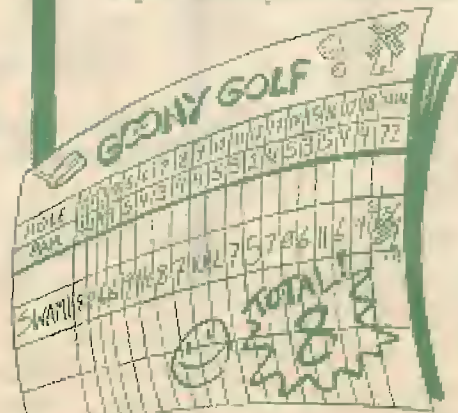
# Achieve Higher Consciousness And Lower Golf Scores!

Have you ever wished you could get more out of life?

Have you ever wished you could shoot a 28?

I am here to tell you that you have it within yourself to do both!

My name is Swami Sri Kriyananda. And what my book can show you is the innate power within sentient beings like yourself to control your own destiny.



Within you resides a Higher Self that is all-knowing. A Higher Self that can help you bring out the fullest potential of your entire being. A Higher Self that can show you way your playing technique stands.

It's all in my book *How To Raise Your Consciousness And Lower Your Golf Scores*. It will show you how to get in touch with that Higher Self within. And, if you're lucky, that Self will turn out to be an Arnold Palmer, a Jack Nicklaus, or a Tim Watson.

JUST LOOK AT SOME OF THE SECRETS MY BOOK REVEALS:

How To Choose A Path To The 19th Hole

How To Keep Your Mind From Wandering

How To Keep Your Shot From Wandering

How To Avoid Attachment To Material Things

How To Avoid Sandtraps

How To Find True Happiness

How To Find The Sweet Spot

How To Find The Answers To All Your Questions

How To Find A Caddy With A Good Arm

How To Know What Your True Destiny Is

How To Know What Your Best Stroke Is



HERE'S WHAT READERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Your book is amazing! After reading just the first four chapters, I was able to walk on the water hazards!" - G.L., Nicasio, California

"Now, when I play golf, I don't select the right golf club—the right golf club selects me!" - D.G., Boston, Massachusetts

"I especially enjoyed the chapter on 'How To Clean Your Karma And Your Golf Cleats.'" - G.K., Altoona, Pennsylvania

"After reading your book, I went out and shot a 24—using the other end of the golf clubs!" - K.R., Gualala, California

"I read Chapter One, then hear my 10 strokes. He fired me. Then, I read Chapter Two, and realized that I didn't need the job anyway!" - D.M., Reno, Nevada

"More eagles—and less ego—that's what your book has given me!" - M.C., San Francisco, CA

DON'T DOUBLE-BOGEY THIS CHANCE!

Read my book, and keep your life—and your golf game—out of the rough! Send me only \$9.95, and I'll rush you a copy of my book direct from my ashram in Nepal. And if you order now, I'll send you a golf tee blessed by my Master, the late Swami Sri Kriyananda.

Peace be with you, and may the waters of divine bliss flood the sandtraps of your heart.

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